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The Quill



JULY, 1918

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IN MEMORIAM



Sergt. John Hurlburt Townley

THE first member of Sigma Delta Chi to die in France, so far as The Quill has been able to learn, was John Hurlburt Townley (Michigan '13) Sergeant and Assistant Quartermaster of Base Hospital No. 17. His death was very sudden, the result of a heart affliction, and occurred April 29.

Townley, who was thirty years old, was musical editor of The Michigan Daily in his undergraduate days, and was a contributor to other campus publications. He taught rhetoric at Cornell University after receiving his degree, but resigned to enter the business world, in Detroit, where he was connected with The J. L. Hudson Co.

A fellow Michigan man in the same unit, describing the funeral, told of the tributes paid by both Americans and Frenchmen. Many friends he had already made in France, including some who were quite aged, marched two miles in a dusty street, on a warm spring day, to pay their last tribute at the grave. The prefect of the city sent a major to represent him. Three shots by a firing squad of fourteen, a prayer by the chaplain and taps by the bugler constituted the burial ceremony.

THE QUILL

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Plato on Park Row

By Laurence H. Sloan (De Pauw)

Past National President of Sigma Delta Chi

WHAT follows is an inquiry into certain phases of that mysterious something which is the wireless tower of our communication with the outside world, whether we are newspaper readers or newspaper makers; that intangible, ever new, always changing something that we have been schooled to refer to vaguely as the news.

What is the news? When is the news? Why is the news? What are some of the characteristics of the news, if it has any that are distinctive?

Of course, no one thinks for an instant that he's going to answer any of these questions. We're just going to chatter about the answers to them, and hate each other because our views are so different!

What is the news? Broadly speaking, it is everything that happens, everywhere in the world, from one sunrise to the next.

Binks and Spinks meet on the streets of Fall River, Mass. Binks tells Spinks that Jinks has the measles. Spinks is sorry to hear it. It's news. Thus Jink's fortitude under the calamity of his malady becomes, along with the developments in a war that is to decide the destinies of mankind, a factor in the news of a day.

But The New York Times, which, by the confession written in its own ear, has all the news that's fit to print, would carry nothing about Jinks' evil star. A hundred thousand other institutions that pay dividends to stockholders by telling people what happened yesterday (and how much Mr. John Wanamaker's new calico is a yard) would likewise ignore the news about Jinks. Justly, of course. Hence it becomes an "a priori synthesis of the most perfect sort," if Mr. William James will permit his happy phrase so base an application, that newspapers do not print the news.

Q. What then do they print? A. What they think is the news.

Q. What WHO thinks is the news? A. What editor persons, and reporter persons, and copy reader persons think is the news.

Which would be fine and noble, were it but true. But it isn't. Take a recent example.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett dies abroad. What sort of news is that?

Promptly upon receiving intelligence of the event, The New York Herald gets out its quarter-inch column rules. It gets out its big, Gothic, tomb-stone type. Prints columns and columns about Mr. Bennett. Interviews prominent New Yorkers about Mr. Bennett and prints their testimonials. Prints

pictures of Mr. Bennett. Prints pictures of Mr. Bennett's city homes and country homes. Mr. Bennett's yachts. Mr. Bennett's dogs. And so on for weary days.

To the office of The New York American the same night comes the news that Mr. Bennett has died abroad. Everyone knows the story of Mr. Hearst's and Mr. Bennett's shattered friendship; of how Mr. Bennett had forbidden his contemporary editor's name to appear, in any circumstances, in the columns of The New York Herald. So The New York American prints an even column about Mr. Bennett's death and life.

It is a question whether either the editor of The Herald or The American gave his readers the news about one of the most picturesque and interesting figures of our day. Probably neither even gave his readers what he thought was the news about Mr. Bennett. What they did give their readers, doubtlessly, was what they, the editors, thought that Mr. Bennett and Mr. Hearst would think was the news about Mr. Bennett.

All of which may be more or less trivial, yet it separates for us a likewise trivial, but unmistakable, characteristic of the news. A coined adjective might well express it. The news, or what newspaper readers get of the news, is somewhat ownerific.

Look at it from another angle:

A man and a woman marry. A child is born. The parents separate, the father in possession of the child. Defeated in her effort to regain the baby she adores, the woman kills her husband. She is tried for murder. She is acquitted. The child is restored to her.

There's a newspaper story told in just 49 words. It is cut to a stock pattern; repeated scores of times with very minor variations, in every large community. In each case, the same primeval passions govern the same primeval deeds.

Yet it took the New York papers five years to tell that story of Jack and Blanca De Saulles. It took hundreds and hundreds of columns. True, Jack De Saulles was a famous Yale athlete; Blanca was a South American beauty, an heiress; there was a fascinating dancer to whom Jack sent roses. And threaded through the whole story, at every turn, at every corner, there was that irresistible of the intensely dramatic which makes what the slang phrase "good reading" has been invented to describe.

It is a matter of history, though, that while the New York papers, with Europe ablaze in war, were setting aside

eight to ten columns a day for Blanca De Saulles' trial, Ruth and Izzie Goldstein enacted the same drama, with startling faithfulness to the stock pattern, in a Brooklyn tenement house.

It didn't take hundreds of columns, and sob sisters, and photographers, to tell the story. One precious sob, three sticks long, and the thing was done. Ruth and Izzie were "cheap," you see. Izzie made shirtwaists. And when in the natural course of things Ruth found herself in the presence of twelve good men and true, it didn't take very long to decide that she should go to prison for fourteen years. She's there today.

So we have another characteristic of the news. It is not what happens to Izzie Goldstein or to Jinks. The news is what people want to read about; what the newspapers have taught people to think they want to read about.

This principle of telling people what they have been taught to be fascinated by, is religiously applied not only to the selection of the news, but to each story, almost to each paragraph of the news.

One may see it clearly in the headlines, which are the fish hooks of the individual story—the will-o'-the-wisp that lures one on into the body of the story, just as nectar of the flower lures the bee. Like a grocer who puts his choice green vegetables out on the sidewalk where people can see what he has, so must an editor, according to the existing rules of the game, put the "big stuff" of his story into his headlines; the "big stuff" of the day into his eight column streamers that top his front page.

During the early days of this spring, when the German hordes were striking toward the Channel ports with a swiftness so terrible that we all held our breaths, there was so much to tell, so much "big stuff," that every word packed into a headline was worth its length in gold ribbon. The supreme question, which we all snatched our newspapers to have answered, was undeniably: "How far did the brutes get yesterday?"

And in those anxious days a handful of American engineers, accidentally caught in a tiny eddy of the mighty vortex, threw down their spades, seized rifles, and fought against the common foe. Their part in stemming the German advance was infinitesimal, comparatively. But they did a heroic thing, in a glorious, American way. They were "Our Boys," too. Was there any well edited paper in this country, the day that news came in, that did not let the words "Americans take part in battle"

share the top head with the overwhelming news of the German advance?

Apply the same general principle to the individual story. Say that a monster loyalty meeting is being held in Madison Square Garden. The mayor of New York reads an essay, as usual. William Howard Taft speaks. He announces that a country-wide munitions strike has just been settled by the War Labor Board, and that production, which has been held up for a fortnight, will begin again tomorrow. Theodore Roosevelt speaks, also. At the close of his address, he abruptly announces that he will be a candidate for the presidency in 1920.

What is the news of that story? The settlement of the munitions strike would be vital to the conduct of the war. But is there any paper in New York that would not lead the story of that meeting with the unexpected announcement of the Colonel's candidacy?

Yet, after all, the remarkable thing is not that a great newspaper would lead the mass meeting story with Roosevelt, or that it would give the American engineers' small part in a great battle "a play," or that it would print columns about Blanca De Saulles and ignore Jinks' measles entirely. The really amazing thing, the absolutely uncanny thing, is that practically every newspaper would do the same. Which brings one to the chief point of this discussion. By what actual standards, abstractly, is the news measured? Why is it that nearly everyone who makes his living handling the news, measures by the same standards?

If you go to the department store for a yard of ribbon, the sales girl spreads

her thumbs over a series of small brass tacks, driven into her counter with mathematical precision, and by a very definite and fixed system of computation, measures you off the quantity you are to receive. There are brass tacks in the newspaper game, it would seem, but they aren't driven into the night editor's desk. They are, alas, driven into his mind. That's one of the curses of the craft; it makes wooden brains.

The night editor, with his long experience in his art, can, on his own brass tacks, measure the length or play any story should have just as accurately as the salesgirl can on hers. This story is worth two sticks; that story is worth one stick, but should be on the front page, in a box; this one goes on the dead hook—zip; that one can run three columns—worth every word of it, by Jove.

You will be astonished if you lay before yourself first editions of the six New York morning papers, and compare the plays given in each to the news. Column 8, page 1 (the throne of honor) will normally hold the same story in every paper. The spreads will correspond amazingly. Not only this, but it may be set down as a fact that if one editor of the six makes a practice of having one-stick stories where the other five have spreads, that lone dissenter will soon be casting about for more congenial employment.

All of these papers, all of these editors, are measuring the news by some definite standard. Of course, we have been told since the dawn of newspaper history that this standard is "the widest interest for the greatest number of people."

That's what makes the paper sell!

But isn't it really something much deeper, something much more intangible than that? Isn't the news, after all, a state of mind—a state of mind moreover, into which editors, and reporters, and copy readers have hypnotized themselves; and don't they hold their jobs, and aren't they good editors and reporters and copy readers, because they have so hypnotized themselves?

Somewhere, in the air, in the pipe smoke that clings to the rafters of the editorial rooms, in the souls and in the brains of the alchemists who transmute the events of a day into printer's ink and white paper, there stands out, sharp and clear, this ghostly idea of what is news, and what isn't. The alchemists think alike, generally, because the idea is something that has been evolved by hundreds of thousands of brilliant men thinking about the same thing, and along the same lines, for very many years. The result has been that the idea is an almost perfect block of thought, against which Jinks' measles and Roosevelt's candidacy can be mentally set, judged, and accurately measured for their news values.

The news, then, as we get it today, is nothing more nor less than Platonic. The idea of news is the Platonic idea. What filters into newspaper shops from Tuesday's paper until Wednesday's, is judged by this idea of perfection. And when a story does come along that even approaches this Platonic idea—like the sinking of the Lusitania, or America's declaration of war—the whole paper isn't big enough to hold it.

Col. Watterson's Prize Editorials

(To Henry Watterson, dean of American journalists, was awarded the Pulitzer prize of \$500 for the best editorial article written during 1917. Though the award was made by the Columbia University school of journalism, the judgment of merit was rendered by Mr. Watterson's active peers, and both because of the virtue of the editorials and the universal affection and respect for the writer, the announcement has met with nothing but the approval of newspaper men. Two editorials were cited, and THE QUILL reprints these as being of especial interest and value to every young writer for the periodical press. Both editorials appeared in THE LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL, of which Mr. Watterson is president and editor; "Vae Victis" on April 7, 1917, and "War Has Its Compensations" on April 10, 1917.)

"Vae Victis"

"Rally round the flag, boys"—Uncle Sam's batt'e song;
"Sound the bold anthem! War dogs are howling;
Proud bird of Liberty screams through the air!"—The Hunters of Kentucky.

IT is with solemnity, and a touch of sadness, that we write the familiar words of the old refrain beneath the invocation of the starry banner, the breezy call of hero-breeding bombast quite gone out of them; the glad shout of battle; the clarion note of defiance; because to us, not as to Nick of the Woods, and his homely co-mates of the forest, the rather as to the men of '61, comes this present call to arms.

We may feel with the woman's heart of Rankin, of Montana, yet repudiate with manly disdain the sentimental scruples of Kitchin, of North Carolina.

There are times when feeling must be sent to the rear; when duty must toe the line; when the aversion brave men have for fighting must yield to the ad-man Kaiser was making war upon us.

juration, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" That time is now upon us.

Unless Patrick Henry was wrong—unless Washington and the men of the Revolution were wrong, that time is upon us. It is a lie to pretend that the world is better than it was; that men are truer, wiser; that war is escapable; that peace may be had for the planning and the asking. The situation which without any act of ours arises before us is as exigent as that which arose before the Colonists in America when a mad English King, claiming to rule without accountability, asserted the right divine of Kings and sent an army to enforce it. A mad German Emperor, claiming partnership with God, again elevates the standard of right divine and bids the world to worship, or die.

From the beginning the issue was not less ours than of the countries first engaged. Each may have had ends of its own to serve. Nor were these ends precisely alike. At least France—to whom we owe all that we have of sovereignty and freedom—and Belgium, the little David of Nations—fought to resist invasion; wanton, cruel invasion; to avert slavery, savagery, pitiless slavery. Yet, whatever the animating purpose—whatever the selfish interests of England and Russia and Italy—the Kaiser scheme of world conquest justified it.

In us it sanctifies it. Why should any American split hairs over the European rights and wrongs involved when he sees before him grim and ghastly the mailed figure of Absolutism with hand uplifted to strike Columbia where three years she has stood pleading for justice, peace, and mercy? God of the free heart's hope and home forbid!

Each of these three years the Ger-

He was making war secretly, through his emissaries in destruction of our industries, secretly through his diplomats plotting not merely foreign but civil war against us, and, as we now know, seeking to foment servile and racial insurrection; then openly upon the high seas levying murder upon our people and visiting all our rights and claims with scorn and insult—with scorn and insult unspeakable—at this moment pretending to flout us with ignominy and contempt. Where would the honest passive draw the line?

Surely the time has arrived—many of us think it was long since overdue—for calling the braves to the colors. Nations must e'en take stock on occasion and manhood come to a showdown. It is but a truism to say so.

Fifty years the country has enjoyed surpassing prosperity. This has over-commercialized the character and habits of the people. Twenty-five years the gospel of passivism, with "business is business" for its text, has not only been preached—indiscriminately—oracularly—without let or hindrance, but has been richly financed and potentially organized. It has established a party. It has made a cult, justifying itself in a fad it has called Humanity—in many ways a most spurious humanity—and has set this above and against patriotic inclination and duty.

Like a bolt out of the blue flashed the war signal from the very heart of Europe. Across the Atlantic its reverberations rolled to find us divided, neutral, and unprepared. For fifteen years a body of German reservists disguised as citizens have been marching and counter-marching. They grew at length bold enough to rally to the support of

a pan-German scheme of conquest and a pro-German propaganda of "kultur," basing its effrontery in the German-American vote, which began its agitation by threatening us with civil war if we dared to go to war with Germany. There followed the assassin sea monsters and the airship campaign of murder.

All the while we looked on with either simpering idiocy, or dazed apathy. Serbia? It was no affair of ours. Belgium? Why should we worry? Foodstuffs soaring—war stuffs roaring—everybody making money—the mercenary, the poor of heart, the mean of spirit, the bleak and barren of soul could still plead the Hypocrisy of Uplift and chortle: "I did not raise my boy to be a soldier." Even the "Lusitania" did not awaken us to a sense of danger and arouse us from the stupefaction of ignorant and ignoble self-complacency.

First of all on bended knee we should pray God to forgive us. Then erect as men, Christian men, soldierly men, to the flag and the fray—wherever they lead us—over the ocean—through France to Flanders—across the Low Countries to Kolin, Bonn, and Koblenz—tumbling the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein into the Rhine as we pass and damming the mouth of the Moselle with the debris of the ruin we make of it—then on, on to Berlin, the Black Horse Cavalry sweeping the Wilhelmstrasse like lava down the mountain side, the Junker and the sabre rattler flying before us, the tunes being "Dixie" and "Yankee Doodle," the cry being, "Hail the French Republic—Hail the Republic of Russia—welcome the Commonwealth of the Vaterland—no peace with the Kaiser—no parley with Autocracy, Absolutism, and the divine right of Kings—to Hell with the Hapsburg and the Hohenzollern!"

War Has Its Compensations

THE man who is for peace at any price—who will fight on no provocation—for no cause—is apt to be either what men call "a poor creature," or an imposter set on by ulterior considerations. He may have an unworthy motive, or a selfish interest, or he may be a victim of the coward's fear of battle, or be obsessed by the doctrinaire's theory of universal brotherhood. But, craven or crank, or scheming rogue, he dishonors the nob'e heritage of manhood which, being common to us all, is only prized and extolled in conspicuous cases of sacrifice, or prowess.

Pacifism, as it has shown itself in these times of emergency, has been compounded of each of these ingredients. But it would not have shown itself so strong if it had not been definitely organized nor definitely organized if it had not been sufficiently financed. The Hague Arbitration movement, backed in this country by the Carnegie Foundation—actually started by the dethroned Czar of Russia—proposed a benefaction to humankind which few, if any, were disposed to question. It built itself upon a generally accepted truth. The gospel of "peace on earth, good-will to men," was preached as never before. Professional warriors arrayed themselves in its behalf. Civilized nations flocked to the new religion and raised the benign standard. Many treaties embodying its aims were negotiated. One, and one alone, of the great Powers held out. That was Germany. Why, we now see clearly what we then did not see at all.

How much, if any, of the Carnegie Foundation money has been applied to

the recent agitations against war with Germany, we know not. The activities of Mr. Bryan and Dr. Jordan would lead to the conclusion that it has not been idle, or grudging, since neither of them works for nothing. But it is quite certain that it has been cunningly supplemented and enormously increased by money sent from Berlin to maintain a propaganda to divide our people and paralyze our Government. The prosecution of this now becomes treason and the pacifist who adheres to it is a traitor.

The conspirator who, claiming to be a pacifist, engaged in the nefarious business will be at no loss to save his skin. If he be a German emissary sent over for the purpose he has only to slip away. If he be a Kaiser reservist masquerading as an American citizen, he can shift his foot and change his coat. If he be a selfish politician of the Stone-La Follette variety, with an eye on the Hyphenated Vote, he can wink his other eye, hoist the flag, and sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" as lustily as the rest.

Those who are most in danger and only in danger are the honest simpletons who stick to it that war is crime; that we have no case against Germany, but, if we have, that it will keep; who go around mouthing socialistic and infidelistic platitudes about a paradisaic dreamland which exists nowhere outside their muddled brains. They cannot see that we have pursued peace to the limit and that peace longer pursued will prove more costly than war. Perverse and egotistical, prompted by the half truths of defective education, uninspired by ideals having any relation to the state of the country, or the spiritual needs of existence, they will not stop their vain chatter until, obstructing enlistments, or menacing public works, they land in jail.

It is grievous that this should be so. Yet it were not occasion for serious comment except that there is a middle class of nondescripts who are more numerous than an earnest and luminous patriotism would have them; men, who were born without enthusiasm and have lived to make money; men, with whom "business is business"; men who are indifferent to what happens so it does not happen to them; in short, men who recall the citation from "The Cricket on the Hearth," put into the mouth of Caleb Plummer:

"There was a jolly miller and lived upon the Dee,
He sang to himself, 'I care for nobody
and nobody cares for me,'"

"a most equivocal jollity," as Dickens does not fail to remark.

These people have sprung from the over-commercialism of fifty years of a kind of uncanny prosperity. Their example has affected injuriously the nation's reputation and has trenched perilously upon the character and habits of the people. It needs to be checked. They need a lesson. Nothing short of the dire exigencies which have come upon us would reach a mass so dense and stoic, so paltry and sordid, so unworthy of the blessings which the heroism of the fathers has secured them. That check and lesson they are about to receive. War is not wholly without its compensations.

The woman who is for peace at any price—whose imagination is filled with the horror of war—who, true to her nature, shrinks from bloodshed—is not as the man who skulks from the line and lowers alike the flag of his country and his manhood. Ah, no! Peace is the

glory of woman. Not upon the soul-stirring field of battle—the rather in the dread field hospital after the battle—are her trophies to be found.

Well may she stand out against the strife of nations—yet equally with brave men she has her place in the orbit of duty and valor—and, when there is no peace, when war has come, the woman who whines, "I did not raise my boy to be a so'dier" forfeits her right and claim to be considered only a little lower than the angels, dishonors the genius of Womanhood and removes herself from the company and category of the heroic mothers of the world.

War, horrible as war is—"Hell," as a great warrior said it was—is not without its compensations. No man has more than one time to die. In bringing the realization of death nearer to us, war throws a new light upon life. The soldier is a picked man. Whether he be a soldier in arms, or a soldier of the cross, his courage, his loyalty, his love and faith challenge the confidence of men and the adoration of women. If he falls he has paid the mortal debt with honor. If he survives, though crippled, he is not disabled. His crutch tells its own story and carries its mute appeal, and there is an eloquence, though silent, resistless, in the empty sleeve.

Christendom stands face to face with the dispersion of some of its cherished ideals. There is much in its Bible that must needs be retranslated and readjusted. Although this will arouse the theologians, they will have to meet it.

Where this present cataclysm will leave us, no man can foresee. Our world is, and will remain, a world of sin, disease and death. This no man can deny. Science is minimizing disease. Death being certain, can creeds or statutes extirpate sin? Can they change the nature of man?

Before all else they must chasten it. For two thousand years theologic controversy has not only kept the world at war, but has driven its inhabitants further apart. It may be that this world war has come to cleanse the earth and to bring all tribes and races to a better understanding of what Christendom is, since there is no reason to doubt that the essential principles of Christianity will continue to dominate the universe.

Tis a long way, we are told, to the Tipperary of Hibernia, but yet a longer to the Millennial Tipperary of Scriptural mythology. The Christ-child must be born again in the heart of man. At this moment it is not the star of Bethlehem that shines. It is the luminary of the war god. The drums beat as for the men of old. "To your tents, O Israel," comes the word out of the depths of the far away, and from the highway and byway, as if in answer, the refrain, "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching."

Samuel Parker (Washington) is in a hospital unit stationed temporarily at Fort Lawton, Wash.

Percy Stone (Montana), son of Dean A. L. Stone of the University of Montana school of journalism, has been commissioned a lieutenant in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps, U. S. A., and is now stationed at Park Field, Memphis, Tenn. He was telegraph editor of The Butte Miner after graduation.

Raymond Tolbert (Oklahoma), having been rejected for military service, has entered Y. M. C. A. work as a camp secretary in France.

Edward Swanson (Washington), president of his chapter last year, is with the 13th Casualty Co., Vancouver Barracks, Wash.

Old Shoulders and New Burdens

By Cyril Arthur Player

Of the Editorial Staff of *The Detroit News*

HERE is a well-developed tendency these war times to turn a scrutinizing eye upon the press; due, in part, to the increasing responsibility which newspapers are bearing in relation to the public mind, but due, fully as much, to the place newspapermen themselves are occupying in the councils of the nations.

In the United States of America, where it is the fashion to have few gods, and criticism is a sine qua non of citizenship, this scrutiny has somewhat a fraternal aspect. In England, where the press is a strongly-intrenched tradition, the situation has involved serious debate and the attention of parliament.

One may express an opinion on the crown, can almost libel a politician, and even criticize the church, but the English newspaper is a fetish. Therefore the added significance of public questioning.

The background for a discussion of the place actually filled by the English press and its contribution to public advancement must be found in that revolutionary movement which the war has brought so opportunely to England. While the world has been at death grips in Flanders, England has been rubbing her eyes, waking from a sleep of indifference, during which injustice flourished, and putting her social and political house in order.

Involved in this process of reconstruction are the Commons, the pulpit, and the press as the three forces having the most power and therefore the greater opportunity to hasten or delay any movement. The English press never has been official, but it has been so nearly the voice of England that, in the sense that the sovereignty is in the people, that voice was official. This must be qualified by the statement that the people of England who were articulate and found a medium of expression through the press, are comprised in the upper and the upper middle classes only.

It has been said, with justice, that the English press is opinionated. It is exactly that. It is opinionated, combative, and frequently provocative. But that is an English characteristic. The Englishman himself is opinionated, combative, and, on occasion, provocative; often without knowing why. But, regarded as purveyors of news, the better English papers are very reliable, thorough, painstakingly accurate and painfully exact. The imagination which gives strength to their editorials is never permitted to water the arid wastes of every day news. The Times, for example, is supported in its position of authority by a large staff of highly-educated men; men who have a university education, often with post-graduate work along lines specially useful to their future work; these men, thus splendidly equipped, enter the field of their journalistic endeavor and are scattered over the globe, where frequently years pass without world affairs touching them; but they keep their paper accurately informed on such matters as do pass. Thus not only is The Times a faithful barometer of conditions in every quarter, but, in time of emergency, it has the means of presenting a first-hand case on a remote subject or people, suddenly

become important. Its service to British influence, by this means, has been incalculable; great part of its strength is found therein.

The Times, and other papers of its class did, then, present just such news as its readers wanted, in just the way they wanted to read it. And when a newspaper has done that, it has done much. Allowing only for political bias, it approaches the ideal in news-presentation. The Englishman, in turn, expects this political bias. He expects his paper to be either for him or against him, and is willing to accept either position with good humor, just so long as the politics is kept separate from the news. That this is so separated, any English newspaper is proof.

In the current movement to reconstruction, as in all movements of the past in England, the press has not led the movement, so much as it has adopted and developed the new idea, after its birth in public opinion. Almost never has an English newspaper conducted successfully a publicity campaign, without some outside circumstances to justify it. The Daily Mail, most enterprising and most daring of all English newspapers in this regard, met with indifferent success when it tried this very thing, and whatever it did achieve, it won in the teeth of general reproach.

The power of the English newspaper is beyond question; but its power exists just so long as it devotes itself to the presentation of current issues. In other words it must mirror men and things, and not theories. Theories have died a-borning in English newspapers. This power is contained in the columns of a group of London newspapers, for the London papers are, of course, the English papers.

The provincial paper is strictly local and microscopically trivial; its effect, politically and socially, is nil. The London newspaper is read as widely in Liverpool, York, Norwich, Bristol and Southampton as it is in London. The Manchester Guardian is an exception to prove the rule that, from a newspaper standpoint, England has only one metropolis.

The English newspaper, with few exceptions, has never admitted that enterprise was part of its function, except in so far as a wide-flung news-gathering organization may be regarded as enterprise. It has never admitted the feature, as Americans understand a feature, to its columns. The result has been to maintain for the press a certain atmosphere of reserve, of detachment, quite in contrast to the intimate note which is the key to American journalism.

With what authority this press speaks, solely by virtue of its circumspect attitude of aloofness, is illustrated in the case of the inept Repington, whose reputation, estimated in the light of the importance of his medium of expression, The Times, is now, by the grace of God, happily exploded. Yet Repington did, by his wrong-headed insistence on this or that military policy, send thousands of British boys into their graves, by the effect his advice, ballasted by The Times, had on public opinion, and thence, indirectly, upon the government. Public

opinion has determined almost every military move of Great Britain, up to recent times, and the task of expressing public opinion fell, of course, upon the newspapers. Hence their responsibility.

And while the Northcliffes and Garvins were engaged upon this work, the social revolution, involving radical changes in the lives of nine-tenths of the population, crept upon them unawares. It was quite impossible that they, in a moment, should shed their traditions, and so we find them following as best they may, the trend of thought, and, to their credit, faithfully chronicling without deterrent comment the important readjustments brought by the war.

Hardly any political dispute has raged in England for four years without the name of Northcliffe being bandied about, and the serious question which agitated parliament was how far big newspaper owners could or should be admitted to the direction of the government. Without becoming involved in the problem of ethics which this question involves, the advent of Northcliffe or any other influential newspaper owner, in public life, was deplored. Unjustly, perhaps, but definitely.

How much this attitude is due to the Northcliffe personality, is not stated, but certainly the rise of the Harmsworth interests has been watched with very jealous eye by the upper classes in England. The falsest statement made concerning Northcliffe's activities, is that which declares that he has never been able wholly to control the London Times, that is, to transform it by the alleged Northcliffe twentieth century ideas. It is more than possible that Northcliffe has not wished to change The Times. With all his faults, and he has them, he does know the newspaper business, and it is natural to suppose that he might desire to possess such a powerful property as The Times, and recognizing how it fills the bill for its public, be willing to preserve an acknowledged success rather than convert it into a possible failure.

The burden of responsibility on the newspapers is the larger because the magazines contribute practically nothing of value to the constructive thought of the times. The English magazines, taken as a whole, quite lack that comprehensive vision which is essential to decision, as opposed to theoretical debate. The English magazines are largely literary debating societies which, however much they may contribute to the preservation of the English language and mental agility, do not reason with liberal impartiality.

Thus it may be seen that while the conservatism of the press is induced by its mirror-like qualities, this very exactness, or tendency to exactness which is the outstanding feature, is also the large source of public confidence; and, where the magazines reach only the limited circles themselves interested in participation in the debates, the newspapers are literally chronicles of practical events which are part and parcel of whatever movements may be taking place in that metropolitan community which is comprised in England.

The newly-awakened liberalism, pro-

(Concluded on Page 15)

The Print Paper Glutton

By the Editor of The Quill

IT is curious that those who have offered suggestions regarding means of reducing print paper consumption have so persistently held to the obvious expedients of reducing the amount of news printed or the size of advertisements. Each is an evil solution of a difficult problem. In the one case the publisher is asked to reduce his stock of saleable goods, and the reader is required to take less for his money as well as to reduce his already limited reading at a time when reading is most important if wisely selective. And it is altogether likely that the best would be the first to be taken away, thanks to a popular passion for comic strips, features, fiction and twaddle. In the other case three parties suffer, the publisher in the reduction of the advertising space he can sell, the advertiser in the reduction of the space he can consume in the pressure of his business, and the reader in the amount of legitimate commercial news he can buy along with the non-commercial. And we know from experience and observation that the commercial news is highly saleable to the reader; in fact is often the deciding element in the purchase of one of two journals.

The choice of these two expedients is termed curious only because there is another which is less offensive; which, in fact, would be productive of good results and of no inconsiderable saving; though it would be foolish to assume that the saving would be as great as might be effected by either of the unhappy alternatives mentioned. I refer to a reduction in the size of headlines.

Newspaper folk are conversant with the arguments in favor of and against blaring headlines. At the worst they are, if honestly written, deceptive only in that they are disproportionate to the value of the news over which they appear; and wasteful of space. At the best, they are very doubtful stimuli to the sale of the paper, because by abuse they have ceased to mean anything, insofar as mere size is concerned. The cry of wolf has been repeated too often to give the public any great concern; and no substantial proof has yet been offered that they have added materially to the circulation of any paper habitually employing them. To some degree, no doubt, they have resulted in a wasteful duplication of purchases of papers, but, more likely, in the purchase of a screaming street edition in lieu of the better balanced and more inclusive conservative editions that are to follow in the course of the day.

Editorial departments are not alone in their antipathy to the use of screamers. The average business office executive will join in decrying extravagant use of type, if he is anything but a superficial observer of the results; if, that is to say, he is mentally capable of distinctions between cause and effect. Unhappily, a considerable number of circulation managers are intent not upon discovering true causes and effects, but upon proving that all gains are due to their genius; and all losses to the stupidity or wrong-headedness of the editorial department, or to a malign deity in control of the elements.

The observant newspaper executive has seen that perhaps the greatest occasion for the continuation of screamer editions is the street urchin's naturally

limited understanding of the psychology of sales; yet he handles a relatively small fraction of the entire circulation of the home-going newspaper. The boy, long accustomed to the food he is fed, and which he has shared with the public, has grown to believe that his street sales are dependent to a considerable degree on the size of the headlines he gets. So ridiculous is this that heads, eight columns wide and two lines of 120-point deep, on the weather and the wheat crop were printed by a western paper without either stimulating or depressing the sales which were always large on the edition in which they appeared. My own experience in testing for the same results while running afternoon screamer editions was identical.

But, says the business man, it remains that the boy thinks the papers won't sell without the big heads, and he won't buy papers unless they are there. Very well. There are two avenues of escape from the urchin.

The first is very moderate, very slow reduction in size until he becomes, quite unawares, a salesman of a non-wasteful paper, a typographically conservative paper. Having suddenly found himself such, he will only consider his total sales under the new regime. Kansas City is a case in point. Of course every business man believes that his situation is quite unlike that of anyone else. But I am not arguing that it would be wise to drop from the type style of The New York Journal or The San Francisco Bulletin to that of The Springfield Republican in one day, or one month, or ever, for that matter. The point is this: The Star dominates its field. The Kansas City Journal is moderate in type style, employing much larger type but not extravagant in size. The Kansas City Post has resorted, on the other hand, to all the blatant practices of its Denver sister. If you ask a Kansas City newsboy (one not bribed by the opposition) for a paper, he invariably hands you a Star or Times. He doesn't hand you the noisy Post because he knows from experience that you don't want it. The boys in any city can be trained in exactly the same fashion. They will sell what the public wants if they are helped to an understanding of what the public wants—and most of them need surprisingly little help.

This, I said, was the first of two avenues of escape from the bullying of the big newspaper by the little newsboy. The second is governmental restriction upon the size of headlines as a war economy, just as the government restricts the amount of wool we may have in a suit if it pleases; the amount of sugar on the shelf, coal in the bin and meat on the platter. If the government were to establish the restriction, the newsboy like the public would accept it, and, having no reason for quitting business, would proceed to sell the paper as before.

Why is it advisable to cut here rather than elsewhere—or shall we say, cut here in order that the cutting elsewhere may be less ruthless?

Essentially, the headline is the most wasteful part of the newspaper except from the standpoint of salesmanship. No doubt it helps to "sell the public." That is to say, given a man who has already bought the paper, it is still necessary to make him read it. If he fails to

do this, the primary purpose of the publisher is defeated, and if he persistently fails to read he will, of course, ultimately cease to buy. But aside from this point, the headline is sheer waste. It says nothing, if honestly and carefully written, that is not duplicated beneath; and often the duplication is most painful and profigate. The aim of the headline writer, makeup man and publisher should be to say as little as possible in the minimum space which would insure the story its fair amount of attention. As in advertising, it is the attention value of the headline that counts; and attention value is based not merely upon content but upon position and relative value when compared with other advertisements or headlines. (A headline is, of course, nothing but an advertisement.) Concede if you must (I would not) that in competition large headlines are advisable, the removal of the competition under any guise would leave the relative attention value of headlines in smaller type exactly the same as it was before; modest parity would replace the blatant.

For the sake of the circulation manager I will venture another suggestion. Where the strident voice of the newsboy is restrained, as on the continent, or where it is not a convention, as in England, another recourse is had than large headlines; namely, advertising posters. These posters, on sandwich boards, tied to poles, or on the front of the news stand, serve exactly the same purpose as the screamer. They carry in conspicuous type, that he who runs may read, the captions of the day which are most likely to stimulate street sales. They have the very great advantage of consuming no considerable portion of the hundreds of thousands of individual newspapers, and yet of playing their part in the sale of the paper. They have the disadvantage of requiring separate printing, and of pressing an evening paper for time. The first of these disadvantages is very slight; the second is much less important than it would seem. Any job office, in or out of a plant, could handle a cheap one-color poster in such limited numbers as would be needed for street stands with a speed that would satisfy real, although probably not imagined needs. It would depend merely on preparedness for such speed work, and would necessitate little investment. This is upon the premise that big stories always break late, which isn't so at all. As a matter of fact, the average afternoon paper story picked for a screamer is an inversion of a story published in previous editions, or one that has been in hand abundantly long to permit of preparation of posters. There is even another possible device, namely, the furnishing of little dodgers to street salesmen, advising them of the best wares to cry. (Strange that newspapers, instructors in advertising methods and salesmanship, do so little to teach their own salesmen the arts of their craft.)

These proposals are, of course, futile. They violate tradition. Nothing can be done that breaks precedent—except by the man who is willing to carve a name and win a fortune for himself by his ingenuity and daring; then we will all ape his vices as well as his virtues, in the hope of striking the same pay

streak farther up the shank of the mountain.

But there is yet another reason why newspapers of today are at fault in continuing the over emphasis upon headlines. It has to do with latter day principles in salesmanship. Bally hoo tactics we might concede were productive of some sales. The jewelry auctioneer and the medicine show barker evidence this. But isolated sales are not the making of a newspaper, any more than they are of any other than a transient business. Custom is built upon something more than a shrewd success in putting one day's paper across for one man's penny. Reader-confidence is the thing in newspaperdom just as buyer-confidence is the thing in the mercantile world. The returning patron, and especially the one who brings a friend with him, is the one worth while; he becomes not merely the customer but the eager advocate, the staunch defender, the up-builder of trade.

Just as the merchant is rapidly learn-

ing that comparative prices in advertising are a vice, and that all that is necessary is to convince the buyer that always and invariably he gets honest goods for honest money, and in fair quantity, so the newspaper publishers of note are learning that they do best to establish a reputation for giving satisfaction. They are endeavoring to attest to the reader their intention of serving him always, making no bones of the fact that by serving him they serve themselves. So long as he is baited with headlines none too true to the spirit of the story; so long as he is encouraged in the beliefs (as all who listen with their ears know he is) that the aim of the publisher is to trick him out of a penny with a story, true if possible but at any rate a story, just so long the publisher must continue to resort to distasteful and undignified tactics to maintain relations with him.

Reader-confidence is won by strict devotion to the foundation purposes of the newspaper: The truthful recounting of

the news, and honest and intelligent comment thereon. Nothing else will long avail; no shopkeeper's device of short measure or of decorating the top of the berry box with the choice fruit will insure lasting relations.

It is said, and it is probably true, that the net income of the New York Times is greater than that of any other paper in the United States. What does Adolph Ochs think of reader-confidence? So much that he will not permit The Times to go to anyone who does not signify a desire for it; he will not permit John Jones to send it to a hundred friends or employes, at any price, without the definite indication from the beneficiaries of Mr. Jones' generosity that they want The Times. He will not sell extra copies of The Times to people who wish to further their cause with evidence of The Times' support. The subscription list of The Times means something. No doubt there are iconoclasts who may have "asides" to utter with respect to

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Tomorrow—and the Day After

By Ralph Block (Michigan)

Washington Correspondent of *The New York Tribune*

STRANGE ways are being forecast for the newspapers. If any prophet holds in his mind the secret of the journalistic future, he hasn't divulged it. The newspapers, most concerned, know about it least of all, and they are largely holding to the line straight ahead with fearful obstinacy, or floundering heavily between the ideals of yesterday and what they guess may be tomorrow.

Reconstruction is a word everybody talks now. And, becoming familiar coin, it has almost hidden the truth behind it; that at the end of this mortal and pestle process of war we will not be quite the same, in quality or relationships or potential reactions, as we were when it began. And that will include the journals of the day.

What reconstruction will mean to editorial policy this commentary need not inquire; it is scarcely hidden that for a world made over the old tongues will not have a great deal of meaning. But if reconstruction has any universal address in the newspaper world, it is to the problems of style and composition and procedure—all those elements which enter into the makeup of a newspaper, the presentation of its news, and the very quality and character of what is to be presented at all.

More than land boundaries are shattered by war. There are mind fences that are even more impregnable and need more than high explosives to blast them aside. But blood will do it if there is a sufficient flood. And if blood has done anything in this war it has been to take America out of its solitude and amiable safeties and set it in the glare of the world's Cyclopean eye. Not, as the ancient phrase has it, a place in the sun, but in the greatest place in the sun.

What kind of newspapers then will such a world as this of America demand. It is easy enough to declare that the old provincialisms must go, the old stupidities, the swaggering generalities, the old human banalities, the silly appeal to every human element except intelligence and the ability to think. But into this void it is not so easy to pour a new material and set on the face of

it a new and striking and appealing mold.

The present gives little guidance. In it can be found a hundred clues, but leading to little of importance. There are foreign correspondents now by the score, and scarcely a half dozen who are authoritative or learned or impressive with that authentic manner that comes of complete understanding and intimacy with the sources of knowledge. The answer to this might be the uprooting character of the war itself. The panorama cannot be seen from close-on; indeed some of the most illuminating comment on it is written three thousand miles away from it. On the other side, however, is the newspaper that tries to give an ample evocation of the picture by the straight presentation of events. As a method it has its points, although it holds no prospect for the observer who would like to see ahead a journalism of quality rather than quantity.

If the secret lies anywhere it is in the modern public of tomorrow—or the day after. What kind of newspaper will find its way most quickly to the three or four or five million men who come back from the liberations of foreign service and travel? Will they be vain-glorious men, ready to accept any sound and fury; or will they be sober with the sobriety of tragic happenings and new responsibilities, sharpened and whetted by conflict to a finer and more subtle understanding. Will they not indeed, and all the nation that moves with them to a newer, better destiny, want understanding most of all things, knowledge of the elements of new situations and a truthful knowledge of the facts that enter into them? If all this is true, it will be as never before a time both for honesty in journalism and expert intelligence, expert comprehension.

On this basis, how many great newspapers are to exist will depend on how many honest and expertly prepared journalists there are in the world. It is accepted widely even now that newspapers are to lose their local character and assume the greater cloak of national service if they are to have the greatest authority and their voice the widest range. But back of this projected picture lies the need that every national

and international journal discovers sooner or later. In competitions so vast as these only the fittest survive, and it is a statement, rather than criticism, to say that the newspapers of today cannot supply the fittest. They live elsewhere, in other zones. They write novels, edit heavy witted magazines, live on Long Island and sometimes write for the films.

Our civilization has unique qualities of its own and we need not always go abroad for the instruments of a new life. But we are a free people, and freedom means the daring ability to choose wherever the best can be found. At least out of war we may exchange humility for bravado and go quietly seeking where before we scorned. Already in American newspapers, with their news column front page editorials and editorial page articles, the tendency appears toward the feuilleton of other lands. But the feuilleton in its best sense—not the flashy showy journalism of its beginning but the actual expression of authoritative opinion by men qualified to give it—requires an education of opinionated men first of all. And education there devolves upon the newspapers. More scholars, more experts, more men who know the arts by practice and fewer graduates from the hasty, superficial and skimping "practical school" we have all been so quick to give easy praise, will be the need the future will disclose. The public will take care of itself.

Before me lies a copy of "Le Figaro" of April 12. Four of the six first page columns are taken up by official statements, the news of the Prince Sixtus affair and the story of a Paris bombardment. The other two columns are filled with interesting and illuminating opinions on Czernin and the letter to Sixtus. They are signed by Gabriel Hanotaux and Alfred Capus. And after each name comes "de l'Academie française."

What an interesting civilization we will have produced if our newspapers in time follow the editorial opinions of our ex-presidents with penmanship of another generation's Mark Twain and William Dean Howells.

Books the Journalist Ought to Know

The Thunders of Silence

NEWSPAPER men thrilled with pride when Irvin Cobb told the two million readers of *The Saturday Evening Post* what the press of America could do to an egotistical, pro-German Senator if it chose to doom him to oblivion by ceasing to mention his name. "The Thunders of Silence" was a tremendous compliment to their power, a sound projection of what newspapers could do (if only they were viewspapers instead of newspapers!), and a good short story if one could disassociate it from its obvious purpose and plain reference to a man then in deep disrepute with the populace.

What Irvin Cobb did not do, and could not be expected to do under the circumstances, was to write equally of the terrible injustice the press might work by hapless blunders in reporting, quite as capable of driving men to suicide as his scheme for ridding society of an obnoxious influence. He could not have made it clear that he was dealing with a case in point, for at the time the allegory was written, *The Associated Press* had not yet made its abject apology for the misreport which figured so largely in destroying the influence and injuring the name of Robert M. LaFollette.

"The Thunders of Silence" is thus doubly worth its place in a newspaper man's library; and, fortunately for the student but unfortunately for the subject of the story, has been published between covers by Doran.

The Profession of Journalism

HERE are three sources of inspiring articles upon journalism to which studious newspaper folk make frequent journeys, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The Nation* and *The New York Evening Post*. Least fugitive of all are the articles in *The Atlantic*, and they are made less so by the publication of "The Profession of Journalism" (Atlantic Monthly Press), a book which consists largely of reprints of eighteen articles published over a period of sixteen years. Dr. Willard G. Bleyer (Wisconsin honorary), director of the courses in journalism at the University of Wisconsin, edited the book, contributing an illuminating introduction surveying the present status of the press, sketches of the authors of the re-published articles, and a particularly valuable bibliography.

The table of contents is a sufficient guarantee of merit, for the volume touches almost all of the moot questions of the newspaper office; and the contributors are such men of authority as Oswald Garrison Villard, Rollo Osgood, Melville Stone, Henry Watterson and Edward Alsworth Ross.

Dr. Bleyer intended that the book should be provocative of thought. It is all of that; so much so, in fact, that several of the chapters not only provoked thought on their first appearance but responses from more or less irate writers, which are included. It is unfortunate that in one instance, "Dramatic Criticism in the American Press," by James S. Metcalfe of *Life*, charges of a serious character were leveled at a New York newspaper and the article printed in the book before the issue of *The Atlantic* containing it was on the news stands. This pillorying of the victim ere his defense is uttered savors too strongly of hasty and inconsiderate reporting.

This single fault is all but lost in the virtues of the compilation, chief of which

virtues are the volume's capacity to calm the radical, comfort the doubter, stir the laggard to high endeavor, and stimulate the casual scribbler to contemplation of the aim and the end of his efforts.

The Mind of Arthur James Balfour

IN the will of James Gordon Bennett, The Nation finds occasion for a considerable discussion of the endowed newspaper. Mr. Bennett left his three newspapers to a home for aged, incapacitated and impecunious journalists to be established as a memorial to his father; and The Nation is forced to view the prospect for the publications as anything but bright. "The question whether an endowed newspaper can be free and have a soul is yet to be answered," it asserts.

The situation created by Mr. Bennett, and the reactions of the journalist to this situation, give added interest to a speech by Sir Arthur James Balfour, delivered twenty-three years ago at a dinner of The Newspaper Society, and printed in part in "The Mind of Arthur James Balfour" (Doran), recently published by his private secretary, Wilfrid M. Short.

Balfour's keen mind observed and brought to attention the lack of any necessary connection between the two functions the press has taken upon itself, the printing of news and opinion. Finding, then, that a newspaper might achieve such commercial success as a purveyor of news that the public would be forced to buy it when its editorial opinions were distasteful, he reaches this conclusion: "In a different sphere we call that an endowment. It is practically an endowment of a particular political or religious or social party, and the peculiarity of it is that those who are called upon to endow it have no notion of what they are doing, and very strongly object to what is being done * * * If we have amongst us these great endowed corporations, which practically have it in their power to promote, irrespective of almost all public opinion, what views they choose to take on public policy, do we not run some danger that powers so great may be abused?" Balfour himself thought not to any considerable extent.

Balfour's idea does nothing to dissipate the scepticism of the writer in *The Nation*; instead it multiplies the train of doubts that traverse this whole field of thought, and leads one to hope for an extended examination of the question by as much of a philosopher as the English statesman, and as keen a journalist as Oswald Garrison Villard.

Balfour knows the press pretty well, as he knows a world of things; and he knows his public still better. "Like tobacco and the daily press, novels have now become a general necessity," he told the Sir Walter Scott Club in Edinburgh. "You may have your own special views both as to tobacco and as to the daily press, but, whatever your individual views may be, every impartial observer has long ago come to the conclusion that the world will insist upon having both of these luxuries to the end of time. They belong to these superfluities which, by the progress of events, have become general necessities."

It is the deep regret of students of political affairs in America that so few statesmen are broadly gifted, as have been so many of Britain's men of affairs. Yet how out of place we would consider a philosopher competent to speak on a thousand themes, in our Senate chamber!

We prefer to send button manufacturers to Washington. The book at hand consists of selections from speeches and writings covering such diverse subjects as eugenics, golf, medical research, public speaking, the press, the bible, beauty, pure science, psychical research, Cromwell, Germany, and ethics; a perfect wonderland of intellect.

A Manual of Style

STYLE in a newspaper office is usually left to the printer. "He'll know what to do," says the copy reader to himself. Probably the compositor won't know what to do, but since his business is to set type, he'll set it some way, and not even the editor will know the difference.

If this sour reflection stirs protest, it is because there is increasing recognition among newspaper folk of the virtue of consistency in style. The half dozen style books that were well known have been so much in demand that requests for copies are now refused. Those prepared by departments of journalism have been, when meritorious, adopted by scores, even hundreds, of newspapers whose editors had not the time or inclination or capacity to devise their own. And yet "A Manual of Style," by the staff of the University of Chicago Press, has reached its fifth edition (it was first published in 1906), offering all these years a most authoritative and convenient basis for a "newspaper bible," unbeknown to most writers for the daily press.

There is no style book which is not subject to criticism, because there is no unimpeachable style. But the writer who desires to establish for himself standards of precision of utterance and consistency in manner will do well to invest a dollar and a half in this book.

Hours of France

IF, amid the desolation of France, there is still enough of beauty and sweetness and tranquility to inspire the poet; if, in the twenty-four hours to which the day of even the war correspondent is limited, there is still time for utterance of sublimest thoughts in the sublimest of literary forms, then there is still hope for the maddened human kind.

And apparently there is still a tranquil France and an idle hour, for Paul Scott Mowrer (Michigan) has put forth a book of verses not all discolored by conflict; done, no doubt, twixt cable and cable to his paper, *The Chicago Daily News*. "Hours of France" (Dutton) is a little book; an hour's reading. It ranges in subject matter from a summer night when "pallid on a silver sky hung a chalky moon" to the frenzy of shell-swept battle fields. The verses are not of equal merit; that can be said of most books of poetry. But they have tested the breadth of one who had established himself fairly as a writer, and they have given added reason for high expectations.

The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me.

NO one would expect anything but an entrancing volume from William Allen White, when his subject is "two middle-aged old coots who go out to a ruthless war without their wives." "The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me"

(Continued on next page)

THE QUILL

A quarterly magazine, devoted exclusively to the interests of journalists engaged in professional work and of young men studying Journalism in American colleges and universities.

Official publication of Sigma Delta Chi, national journalistic fraternity.

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Detroit, Michigan, under the Act of August 24, 1912.

LEE A. WHITE, Editor.
CARL H. GETZ, Associate Editor.

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JULY, 1918

Generous Unto Death

THE will of James Gordon Bennett is a sardonic commentary upon the state of a profession. It provides quite handsomely for a home for the journalistic derelicts of New York—and particularly for those from the staffs of the three Bennett newspapers—The Herald, The Telegram and The Paris Herald. These papers are to be, if they are successfully operated, the source of the funds which will insure bread, raiment and a roof to the unhappy wretches who come under Mr. Bennett's beneficence.

One could hardly condemn Mr. Bennett for providing for the cast-offs from other shops than his own; but is it stupid to wonder why he did not, in his lifetime, so share his earnings with his employees that they might spend their declining years in decency and he his in deserved comfort, but not barbaric splendor?

It reminds one of the Middle Western millionaire publisher and theatrical magnate to whom was attributed the remark that no reporter was worth more to him than a chorus girl!

The newspaper writer is curiously situated. He is a member of a profession, but always a hired man, usually working not even for a salary, but for wages, and doomed to uncertain tenure of position. The way out of the dilemma is not clear, but let's hope it's not through the door of an alm's house, private or public.

Sex Stuff

PEP is a magazine for newspaper men whose conception of a great thing for a city editor to do is to send a pretty girl reporter to find out what leading citizens carry in their right-hand pants pockets.

In the August issue of Pep appears a symposium on a woman's legs. Somewhere the editor found a photograph of a girl sitting cross-legged, with her skirts barely covering her knees. He cut off everything above the knees, submitted the remainder to newspaper men all over the country, and wanted to know if it was good editing. To make his purpose doubly clear (and to assure us that we do him no injustice) he asked the recipients to let it "symbolize 'sex stuff'" and write their opinion of its availability.

One editor concluded his adverse criticism with the remark that "the striking part of this discussion is that it should be necessary." But while he was sustained by most commentators, there were several who thought the picture quite the thing. The old idea, "give

'em what they want." There must have been many who refrained from answering a letter that was nothing less than an insult, and that contributed no whit to the improvement of the profession. Pep pretends to serve. The editor of Pep, if he is not a fool, and he is not, knew there would be two kinds of answers; he knew that protagonists could not convert antagonists, and that the former put themselves past redemption by their brazen defense of the indefensible. But he did just what the cheap and vulgar editor does, and probably for the same purpose: He gave the reader of the magazine a bit of "shot-in-the-arm journalism."

The sex question is subject to decent discussion in any publication and in any circle; "sex stuff" is what its vulgar entitlement indicates, a pandering to the least worthy emotions of men and women. But it is helping out wonderfully the fading generation of porch-climbing newspaper men. Cheated of their opportunities to play journalistic thug, they parallel the downward trend of those with whom they are compared; they become journalistic procurers. It does not pay as well as operating a brothel, but it is a less vexatious business since the police have as yet no adequate legal basis for raiding their establishments.

Style and War

THE old theory of a straight news story has been found wanting, and, if the war continues, this theory will be discarded by the larger papers and it is likely by papers everywhere.

City editors have for years instructed cubs to write the story twice, once in the lead and then in detail in the body of the story. The less important details always were to come last that makeovers might be accomplished more easily. When the story left the copy reader, it was retold in head lines.

The war has necessitated a radical change, an economy because of the prohibitive price and reduced supply of print paper. The new rhetoric of the news story is different. Instead of being told twice in the story, the facts are to be recited once, and only once. If a Washington story comes over the wire summarizing a senator's speech in the lead and giving the direct quotation afterward, the new instruction to the copy readers is to leave but one recital of facts, with the exception, of course, of the story in the head.

In the past newspaper men have been very wasteful; white paper was to use, not to save. Now with restrictions in the use of paper imposed upon publishers, and a paper makers' strike an actuality instead of a threat, the desk must cut and slash more than ever. The business managers of our big newspapers are forcing this economy upon the editorial room.

For once, can't the old-time antagonism between the counting room and the editors be laid aside? For once, at least, can't the members of Sigma Delta Chi, those who are left in the working ranks of the profession, accept the new order of things thoughtfully?

New economies will make brighter, more readable newspapers.

Expansion

THE QUILL, on behalf of the executive council and the members of Sigma Delta Chi, extends greetings and congratulations to The Grinnell Press Club, whose petition for a charter in the

fraternity met with favorable action on the part of the active chapters.

Sigma Delta Chi is not endeavoring to expand beyond its present limits, because of the unsettled condition of university life; but it is not in the plight of social fraternities. It is harassed by no financial problems. Its single concern is the advancement of the ideals of what some are pleased to call the New Journalism—which is to say, the best in Old Journalism. No less in war than in peace are its ideals applicable; indeed, the war has served to intensify its purpose and to justify its aims. A worthy petitioning group will not encounter a dilatory policy at a time when college men take serious stock of their purposes, and only launch new enterprises for noble ends.

Grinnell College is an institution of highest prestige and one which has made splendid contributions to the personnel of American journalism. Its name on the chapter roll is no mean asset.

Books Journalists Ought to Know

(Continued from page 9)

(Macmillan) is, by the very necessities of the pen from which it came, humor, philosophy, pathos, and description of the most engaging sort; and developed with such skill in contrast as to serve as a rare model of good reporting and reminiscence.

Mr. White and the other "old coot," Henry J. Allen of The Wichita Beacon, ran into a journalistic adventure which leaves the reader with the same grave doubts that afflicted the two Kansans. In an unnamed city of 25,000 population, in France, they discovered that there was no daily paper—indeed, no weekly, no monthly, no annual. Unthinkable! but so. A town crier sufficed—he, and the clacking tongues of the populace.

"How do they know about the births, deaths, and marriages, we asked; and they told us that the churches recorded those things. How do they know about the scandal? And we remembered that scandal was older than the press; it was the father of the press, as the devil is the father of lies. How do they know how to vote? And they told us that newspapers hindered rather than helped that function. How did they record local history? And in our hearts, we knew who had recorded so much local history, that most of it is not worth recording and that tradition takes care of what is left. But how did they manage to create a town spirit, to vote the bonds for the city water works, to establish the public library, to enforce the laws, to organize the Chamber of Commerce, to get up subscriptions for this, that or the other public benevolence? And men shook their heads and said: Water has run down hills many years; perhaps it will keep on running, even without a newspaper."

The whole estate of the press in France they found "rather disenchanted;" advertising not exactly ethical; editorial opinions sold till without influence; and yet the civilization of this town and others like it compared quite favorably with our own. The numerous and excellent book stores they thought more than overbalanced our superiority in country newspapers.

Sigma Delta Chi in Khaki

WORD has been received from France to the effect that John Ramsey (Wisconsin) has been commissioned a first lieutenant in aviation by General Pershing. Last spring Ramsey was denied admission to aviation camps because of his weight and youth. Undaunted, he paid his fare to France and hung around American aviation camps. He was finally permitted to receive instruction, and won his commission on completing the course.

Bruce Millar (Michigan '19), formerly telegraph editor of *The Michigan Daily*, is stationed at Camp Merritt, N. J., with the Replacement Detachment.

Robert T. McDonald (Michigan '18), managing editor of *The Michigan Daily* last year, enlisted in naval aviation at the end of the college year and is at home in Norwalk, O., awaiting his call.

Both ordnance work and matrimony seem to appeal to Washington alumni. Conrad Brevick, formerly of *The Seattle Post-Intelligencer* and a graduate of the ordnance school at Eugene, Ore., is to marry Miss Lucile Morrow, of Portland. J. Ernest Knight, lately of *The Tacoma Tribune* and now a student in the same ordnance school, was married recently to Miss Pearl Fallis, of Seattle.

Max V. Bosler and Frank Elliott (Indiana) are in service in France.

Roger Jones (Louisiana) was in the 90th Division, Camp Travis, Tex., recently and was recommended for a commission. He has since, it is reported, accepted a position as entomologist at the U. S. Agriculture Experiment Station at New Orleans.

C. F. LaGrone (Louisiana) is training for the radio service in the United States Navy, and was, when last heard from, stationed at Cambridge, Mass.

C. A. Anderson (Minnesota), secretary of his chapter, left college May 1 to teach agriculture at Sandstone, Minn. His call to the Naval Ensign School at Chicago, for which he had registered, came May 27, but was extended to permit him to continue organizing clubs.

Sherman Mitchell (Washington), editor of *The Daily* last year, took the officers' training course at Camp Fremont, Calif.

Burt Markham (Minnesota) is reported to have entered some branch of the military.

Harold Levy (Stanford), formerly of the staff of *The Oakland (Cal.) Tribune*, is with the Quartermaster Corps in France.

Edwin Ford (Stanford '15), formerly of the staff of *The Minneapolis Journal*, entered the Naval Training Station at San Francisco, and has probably been commissioned recently.

Max Sommers and Mandell Weiss, both alumni of the Oregon chapter, entered the fifth ordnance class at the University of Oregon, May 5.

Lansing Warren and Robert Donaldson, members of Stanford chapter who graduated in 1917, are among the Sigma Delta Chi men with the Stanford ambulance unit in France. Both have contributed excellent verse to *The Red Cross Bulletin*. "The Casualty List," by Warren, and "Hunka Tin," by Donaldson, are typical. "Hunka Tin," an apostrophe to a Ford ambulance, parodying Kipling, has been printed all over the country and recited by low and high comedians on the stage.

Basil L. Walters (Indiana) has resigned his position as editor of *The*

Hogate Now Secretary.

Robert E. Clayton (Ohio), national secretary of Sigma Delta Chi, has resigned with the expectation of entering military service in August. Kenneth Hogate (DePauw) has been appointed to succeed him. Both are members of the editorial staff of *The Detroit News*. Clayton will be the fifth active national officer to don khaki.

Camp Crane News, published at Allentown, Pa., to go to Italy with the United States Army Ambulance Service, a service made up entirely of former college students. This was said to be the first soldiers' newspaper to appear after war was declared on Germany. Walters has been connected with the paper since it was organized last June. Clifford T. Warner, DePauw, who was city editor of the paper for several months, has arrived safely in France. He is a sergeant in a detachment of medical troops.

Edwin Severns (Washington '18), who graduated at the end of the winter quarter and immediately enlisted in the Naval Reserve, is now in training in the ensign school at the Naval Training Station on the campus of the University of Washington. He was married May 18 to Miss Ruth Reynolds, '16, the daughter of Judge W. A. Reynolds of Chehalis, Wash. Severns was for four years a member of *The Daily* staff, and was a department editor of the annual, *Tyee*.

C. S. Clark, Jr., (Michigan) dropped out of college during the spring semester to enlist in naval aviation. He went home to St. Johns, Mich., where his father publishes *The News*, to await call to service.

Arman Merriam (Knox), who is a First Lieutenant in the Aviation Corps, is flying in France. He edited *The 1917 Gale*.

Herbert S. Marshutz (Stanford '17) is in the Quartermaster Corps at Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Jacksonville, Fla. He was one of the many Stanford ambulanciers in the American Field Service, a year or so ago.

Robert Midkiff (Knox), who left college in November, was recently commissioned Second Lieutenant in the Aviation Corps, and is stationed at the flying field at Fort Worth, Tex.

Iowa State College chapter has 19 stars in its service chapter, representing the following: Chas. F. Salt, Second Lieutenant, Signal Corps, Plattsburgh Barracks; Floyd Wambean, Ambulance Co. 356, 314th Sanitary Train, Camp Funston, Kas.; G. W. Iverson, Sergeant, Field Artillery, Camp Dodge, Ia.; C. W. Beese, Co. A, 29th Engineers, in France; E. N. Wentworth, Captain Supply Co., 341st Field Artillery, Camp Funston, Kas.; F. W. McCray, Gunner's Mates' School, Co. C, Barracks B, Great Lakes, Ill.; D. R. Collins, Supply Co. 314, Camp Jos. E. Johnston, Jacksonville, Fla.; E. S. Hurwich; W. A. Cordes; H. E. Pride, Lieutenant, Coast Artillery Training Camp, Fortress Monroe, Va.; J. H. McCarroll, M. C., 126th Field Artillery, Camp Cody, N. M.; M. L. Seder, Battery F, 339th Field Artillery, Camp Dodge, Ia.; L. H. Barker, First Lieutenant, Battery F, 54th Artillery, Coast Artillery Corps, in France; Kirk Fox, Second Lieutenant, Battery C, 337th Field Ar-

tillery, Camp Dodge, Ia.; I. J. Cromer, W. N. Donohue, 7th Co., 5th Reg., U. S. Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I.; R. F. Rogers, Naval Aviation, S. M. A., Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass.; C. W. Wissler, Battery C, 339th Field Artillery, Camp Dodge, Ia., and R. S. Paul, Wireless Division, U. S. Navy, Great Lakes, Ill.

Burnette O. McAnney (DePauw honorary), formerly instructor in journalism at the University of Maine and recently with *The New York Tribune*, has enlisted in the aviation branch of the army.

Ruel R. Barlow (Wisconsin '18) is corporal with the Field Hospital Company No. 127, in France.

C. A. Crosser (Wisconsin '16), who was on the staff of *The Wisconsin State Journal* and later on *The Toledo Blade*, is doing clerical work as a "sapper" with the Fifth Canadian Railway Troops in the British Expeditionary Force in France.

Blair Converse, M. A. in Journalism (Wisconsin '18), who was on the copy desk of *The Milwaukee Journal*, is now at Camp Hancock, Georgia, training for machine gun service.

Paul Cranfield (Wisconsin '19), secretary of the Wisconsin chapter, has just enlisted in the infantry and went to Jefferson Barracks, July 25.

Richard Spake, Loomis C. Leedy and Harry Pritchard, all of Knox chapter, have enlisted in the Naval Reserves and are in training at the Municipal Pier, Chicago. Spake was editor-in-chief of *The 1919 Gale*. Leedy, who remained in college to take his degree before entering service, was president of the chapter last year and editor-in-chief of *The Knox Student*. Pritchard left a position with the Taylor-Ewart Co., of Chicago, to enlist. He graduated in 1917, and was, in his senior year, manager of *The Gale*.

DeWitt Pulcipher (Illinois '18) is in the officers' training school at Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky.

Among the members of Texas chapter who have received commissions are Capt. George Wythe, who was a delegate to the Missouri convention; Lieuts. Roy Hawk, Tom S. Henderson and Thad Scott, and Ensign Gillis Johnson.

Six members of Kansas chapter who were taken into the fraternity since 1916 are in service. Don Davis, managing editor of *The Jayhawker*, the college annual, is awaiting call from the Quartermaster Corps. Harry Morgan, editor of *The Jayhawker*, was drafted and sent to Camp Funston a week before graduation. Eugene Dyer, editor-elect of *The Jayhawker*, left the telegraph desk of *The Kansas City Star* to join the navy June 1, and is in training at Great Lakes, Ill. Robert Reed and Clifford Butcher, both of whom were in the exchange department of *The Star*, enlisted with the fliers. Millard Wear, secretary of the chapter, was admitted to West Point, and began training there June 15.

M. S. Lafuze (Purdue '17) and H. S. Vaile (Purdue '18) were recently commissioned second lieutenants, and have landed in France. Lieut. Earle Ross, of the same chapter, probably participated in the Allied drive, having crossed last fall. Other Purdue men who recently entered service are Lieut. R. W. Jamison, who is still on duty in this country, and R. J. Krieger, '18, who is learning to fly.

News of the Breadwinners

WILLIAM M. GLENN (DePauw), who was president of the fraternity prior to the election of Laurence Sloan (DePauw) at the first national convention, has been for the past four years editor and one of the publishers of The Morning Sentinel at Orlando, Fla. His paper is the largest in Inland Florida. Glenn was one of the founders of the fraternity, and his name is signed as president to the charters held by DePauw, Kansas, Michigan, Denver and Washington chapters. After leaving college he "cubbed" on the Anderson (Ind.) Morning Herald. Subsequently he was managing editor of the Eastern Illinois Register, at Paxton, Ill.; art contributor to the Newspaper Enterprise Association and the old Chicago Herald; department editor of the Indianapolis Star.

Kenneth Hogate (DePauw), delegate to the convention at Missouri, and until recently a copy reader on The Cleveland News, is now on the copy desk of The Detroit News. He tried in vain to get into military service, but was too far overweight.

Lyman L. Bryson (Michigan '10) has joined the publicity forces of the American Red Cross at Washington, D. C., and will travel and write in the interests of the Home Service work of the Department of Civilian Relief.

Henry Bercowitch (Texas), editor of the 1916-17 Magazine, withdrew from college after his initiation, and is now city editor of The Fort Worth Record.

Harwood Young (Knox) is city editor of The Clinton (Ill.) Daily Journal.

J. S. Dodds (Iowa State) is business manager of The Ames (Ia.) Times.

Professors Frank P. Goss and Fred C. Russell, of the journalism faculty of the University of Washington, and Bert W. Brintnall (Washington) attended the summer meeting of the Washington State Press Association at Spokane, July 11, 12 and 13. Prof. Goss, who is city editor of The Seattle Post-Intelligencer, figured conspicuously in the campaign that won next year's meeting of the National Editorial Association for Seattle. The university will doubtless assist in playing host.

Philip Locke (Indiana) is on the Louisville Herald.

Milton Hagen (Stanford '15), charter member and first president of Stanford chapter, was driven back to his varied occupation as advertising agent, composer, and publisher of The Horticultural Catalog and sheet music, after having stood for several physical examinations for service. All the doctors detected "a well compensated mitral murmur." Hagen is the author of a catchy melody, "Sammy of the U. S. A.," which is selling widely. Recently he opened a letter, found a check and thought he had an order for a quantity of sheet music. Instead it was for 67 cents, "to balance due you on 'College Prince' prize junior opera books." The opera was written in the days when he was editing The Chaparral, Stanford comic.

Herman Steen (Iowa State) is assistant editor of The Prairie Farmer, 223 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Roy Nelson (Knox) is city editor of The Moline (Ill.) Dispatch.

Fred Koenig (Iowa State) is on the staff of Kimball's Dairy Farmer, Waterloo, Ia.

Max Goodsill (Knox), instructor in

journalism at Knox College, has been appointed editor-in-chief of The Galesburg Evening Mail.

R. Selden Wilcox (Minnesota), manager and editor of Public Opinion, a weekly newspaper published at Bismarck, capital of North Dakota, by farmers and business men supporting the Non-Partisan movement, expects to enter military service in August.

Milton G. Silver (Illinois '17), who is said to have been denied election to Phi Beta Kappa when in college because of determined editorial policies while in charge of The Daily Illini, was elected to that fraternity this year. Silver conducted a campaign against "research" at the university, contending that it was advanced at the expense of instruction. He has been in France for more than a year, first as a member of the American Ambulance Service, and now as an ambulance driver in the French army.

Paul Scott Mowrer (Michigan honorary), chief of the Chicago Daily News staff of correspondents in France, and Willard G. Bleyer, director of courses in journalism at the University of Wisconsin, are authors of books recently published, and reviewed elsewhere in this issue of The Quill.

Will P. Green (Denver), formerly business manager of The Quill, has his headquarters in the Merchants' Bank Building, Indianapolis. He is attached to the Associated Advertising Clubs as a legal and advertising expert, and but recently returned from a speaking tour of the west, during which he punctured some of the wild cat oil companies of Oklahoma and Colorado.

Herbert G. Wilson (Michigan '18), formerly city editor of The Michigan Daily, is designing Liberty motors in Detroit.

Allen Shoenfield (Michigan '18) and Roy Fricken (Michigan '19) are on the staff of The Detroit News. Shoenfield edited The Gargoyle, and Fricken assisted him, last year.

Prof. Frank Thayer (Wisconsin), head of the department of journalism at the University of Iowa, is reading copy on The Detroit News this summer.

Dean Eric Allen (Oregon honorary) of the University of Oregon school of journalism, and H. F. Harrington (Ohio honorary), of the journalism faculty of the University of Illinois, are teaching at the University of California this summer. For several years Colin V. Dyment (Oregon honorary), director of the school of journalism at the University of Washington, has had charge of the summer courses at Berkeley, but he is now in France engaged in executive work for the American Red Cross. His temporary address is 4 Rue d'Elysee, Paris. Prof. Dyment, who has a son in service, has recently been with the United States Fuel Administration in Washington. The Review of Reviews has lately published an article by him on Pacific Coast ship building.

William A. Simonds (Washington), automobile editor of The Seattle Daily Times, recently did a two-months' bit in the hospital.

Dr. Gerhard R. Lomer (Wisconsin '12) has left the Columbia University school of journalism to become associate editor of "The Warner Library of the World's Best Literature," now being issued in a new university edition, and of "The Chronicles of America," to be published under the auspices of The Yale Uni-

versity Press. Dr. Lomer was co-author, with Professor Cunliffe, of "Writing of Today," published by The Century Co.

Lawrence N. Morgan (Oklahoma) has returned to the university as assistant professor of English.

'Round The Office Bulletin Board

Despite his loss of an able associate in Prof. C. G. Ross, Fortune has not entirely deserted Dean Walter Williams of the University of Missouri school of journalism. President A. Ross Hill announced at Commencement an anonymous gift of \$50,000 for the erection of a building for the school; the largest gift in the university's history, and the only one to cover the entire cost of a building for the exclusive use of one of the divisions of the university. The school is celebrating its tenth anniversary, and the gift is considered a birthday present. The building will probably be begun this fall, and it is expected that its equipment will include a competent printing plant in which The Evening Missourian can be published.

Another tribute to Missouri's school of journalism comes from Shanghai, China. Millard's Review, published there, offers a \$50 Liberty Bond to the student in the school who writes the best essay on "Why every American newspaper man should make a special study of China and of the problems of the Pacific as they affect America and the future peace of the world." J. B. Powell, formerly of the Missouri journalism faculty, is on Millard's Review.

Prof. L. N. Flint (Kansas honorary), head of the department of journalism at Kansas State University, has issued a bulletin on "Newspaper Writing in High Schools," which contains a well developed outline for the use of the teacher.

Prof. Willard G. Bleyer (Wisconsin honorary) has sent to the press of Wisconsin a warning uttered by Prof. F. L. Paxson against too exact reporting of facts regarding individual soldiers' posts, regiments and likely movements. The Germans devour such matter, he says, and have been quick to seize upon the loosely edited society pages of large and small newspapers. Pieced together, the most innocent items become of value to the enemy, Dr. Paxson asserts. He has been working with the Committee on Public Information.

Though several Japanese universities have ventured to teach journalism, in only one has the instruction been continued—Keio University, at Mita, Tokyo. The students, numbering about seventy, are organized as the Mita Shimbun Kwai (Association of Journalism of Mita) and publish a paper fortnightly. Prof. K. Hayashi is president.

Oswald Garrison Villard has equipped a summer camp for the benefit of employees of The New York Evening Post, at Lake Popolopen, seven miles from West Point. Dozens of men and women from all departments of the paper go up the Hudson week ends, and some for their entire vacations, to boat, fish, swim and climb hills. All accommodations, including automobile transportation from West Point, are free; and a committee of employees manages the enterprise.

News of the Chapters

Kansas

The seven active members of Kansas chapter added five new men to the rolls before Commencement. They were Floyd Hockenhull, business manager of The Summer Session Kansan, and the following of the staff of The Daily Kansan: Wayne Wilson, circulation manager; Luther Hangen, war editor; Charles Slawson, sport editor, and M. L. Peek, news editor. Peek was a junior, the rest sophomores, when initiated May 21. Darald Hartley and Eugene Dyer, both of The Kansas City Star staff, attended the initiation. Afterwards E. Lawson May, secretary, was advanced to the presidency; Fred Rigby was elected vice-president, and Millard Wear secretary-treasurer. Wear has been admitted to West Point since, and May will continue to act as secretary until a successor is elected.

Six Kansans elected to the fraternity since 1916 and now in service are listed in the "Khaki columns." Those not in uniform are observing the spirit of the "work or fight" rule. Luther and Herman Hangen are in their father's bank in Wellington, Kas. Peek is telegraph editor of The Leavenworth Times; Rigby is in the business office of The Topeka Capital; Wilson is reporting oil news for The El Dorado (Kas.) Republican; Slawson is on a Girard paper; May is sporting editor of The Hutchinson News, and Hockenhull is in summer school.

Michigan

Four men were inducted into Sigma Delta Chi by the Michigan chapter June 15. A dinner was given in their honor at the Michigan Union at which Prof. F. N. Scott, director of courses in journalism and head of the rhetoric department of the University of Michigan; Wilfred B. Shaw, editor of The Michigan Alumnus; Lee A. White, editorial secretary of The Detroit News; Loren T. Robinson, of the Carl M. Green advertising agency of Detroit, and Cyril Arthur Player (Washington honorary), of the features and exchanges department of The Detroit News, gave toasts, in addition to those of the undergraduates. The feature of the program was Mr. Player's account of his experiences as a war correspondent in the early stages of the hostilities in Europe and his difficulties with the British censors—of whom he was one, for a time. He is an Englishman, an Oxonian, and was formerly of the staff of The Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The initiates were: David B. Landis, '20, assistant sporting editor of The Michigan Daily; William A. Leitzinger, '20, assistant publication manager of The Daily; Walter S. Reiss, '20, business manager of The Gargoyle, the campus comic; and Milton D. Marx, '19, managing editor of The Inlander, literary monthly.

Clarence Roeser, '19, telegraph editor of The Daily and secretary of the chapter, was elected managing editor of The Daily for 1918-19, and Russell C. Barnes, '20, night editor of The Daily, was named managing editor of The Wolverine, the summer school newspaper, by the Board in Control of Student Publications, May 11. Roy H. Fricke, '19, will edit The Gargoyle, succeeding Allen Shoenfield, '18.

Purdue

Purdue chapter initiated nine men into active and two into honorary mem-

bership at the Fowler hotel, April 9. The honoraries were Prof. G. I. Christie, assistant secretary of agriculture, and T. R. Johnson, publicity agent of the Purdue University Experiment Station. The undergraduates elected were: H. A. McMahan, '19; J. H. Weghorst, '19; H. J. Adler, '19; A. L. Mohler, '20; H. F. Lafuze, '20; R. S. Bundy, '20, and P. E. Reed, '20. A banquet, which was attended by several of the alumni of the chapter, followed the initiation.

Officers for the coming year are: President, N. T. Crane; vice-president, R. S. Ernst; secretary, H. A. McMahan; treasurer, H. F. Lafuze.

Wisconsin

The war continues to make inroads on the chapter roll at Wisconsin. Since the last Quill appeared, five more men have left school to enter the service.

Frank Birch has gone to San Antonio, Texas, to enter upon a training course

for aviation. He receives his diploma, however, as all seniors who enter the service from Wisconsin are graduated in absentia. Roger Wolcott is now in one of the fourth officers' training camps. William Drips, one of this year's initiates, is now at the Naval Officers' Training School at Municipal Pier, Chicago. Owen L. Scott has been accepted for the same school, but awaits his call. Meantime he is attending a training camp at Fort Sheridan for a period of six weeks in order to get into condition for the strenuous life which he expects to encounter in the navy.

This leaves four men in the chapter, Paul Cranefield, George Wallis, Owen Scott, Harold Gill and Blair Converse. Several men have been elected but will not be initiated until next fall, as it is their desire to wait until they are sure of returning to school before becoming active members.

Scott has just completed his work on the 1919 "War" Badger, the annual of the university. He was editor-in-chief of the volume, which has been pronounced the finest ever turned out at Wisconsin. It embodies a special photogravure section which is said to be the first section of its kind ever printed in any college annual.

Sigma Delta Chi men were associated with the planning and production of a monster service flag for the university. The flag has 1,700 stars of which seven are already of gold, and each star is embroidered with the name of the man for whom it stands. The enterprise was fostered by White Spades, honorary upper class fraternity, Sigma Delta Chi taking care of the necessary publicity work. University women embroidered the names on the stars, many of which stood for members of both White Spades and Sigma Delta Chi.

In the recent controversy in which one Dr. McElroy of the National Security League so shamefully maligned the good name and character of the University of Wisconsin, George Earl Wallis, editor of The Cardinal, school daily, and a member of Sigma Delta Chi, was one of those who were instrumental in defending the university. He wrote several articles which appeared in the Chicago Tribune and furnished material for other articles to the Tribune representative who spent two days in Madison investigating the truth of McElroy's charges. The Tribune has been a staunch defender of the university in the matter from the start.

Plans for next year are rather hazy. It is practically sure that four men will return. Wallis will be on the staff of the Wisconsin State Journal in Madison, and though he will not be in school, he will help to keep the chapter going. Scott has applied for admission to naval aviation but probably will not receive his call until next winter, so will return to school in the fall. Gill, one of the younger members, plans to return. President Cranefield has had hard luck on the enlistment question but hopes to be accepted before fall and so will not return. He has been twice rejected because of underweight, but has now quit school in a final effort to "fatten up."

University of Iowa

The membership of the Iowa chapter will be small when the university opens in September. All but one or two of the active members of last year will be out of school, and it is unlikely that the

regular organization, with president and other officers, will be maintained. Before commencement in June it was proposed to vest the chapter affairs in the hands of a committee, of which Frank Thayer, instructor in charge of the course in journalism, will be chairman. Keith Hamill, who was recently rejected by the army because of physical disability, will probably be the other acting member of the committee. Prof. Charles H. Weller, University editor, will serve in an advisory capacity.

Four courses in journalism will be offered this year, one in reporting, one in journalistic writing, one in editing, and one in editorial writing. The members of the class in editing will largely constitute the desk editors of *The Iowan*.

Because of war conditions, the board of trustees of *The Daily Iowan* voted to issue *The Iowan* five instead of six times a week next year. The Saturday issue will be dropped, except on special occasions such as Homecoming week.

W. Earl Hall, president of the Iowa College Press Association and former editor of *The Iowan*, is doing Chautauqua work this summer. He expects to enter some branch of the service in the fall.

Mildred Whitcomb, '18, is Hall's successor as editor of *The Iowan* and is the first woman in the history of the University to have this position.

Rho chapter of Theta Sigma Phi, honorary journalism sorority, was installed at the University in the spring.

Frank Thayer, head of the course in journalism, was on the staff of *The Detroit News* during the summer.

Robert Hammer, business manager of *The Iowan* last year, Ralph Overholser, sporting editor, and Thomas Murphy, managing editor, left for various branches of the army before the close of school. Harold Newcomb, a trustee on *The Iowan* board, is also in the service.

Illinois

Four sophomores, H. G. Hullfish, R. A. Drysdale, S. D. Owen and H. J. Orr, were initiated by Illinois chapter April 14. All except Orr were news editors of *The Daily Illini* last year, an honor ordinarily going only to juniors. Hullfish is also a member of the Y. M. C. A. cabinet, the board of directors of the Illinois Union and Sachem, honorary junior society. Orr was elected editor of next year's annual, Illio, and is vice-president of the Y. M. C. A. and a member of Sachem.

Officers elected at the time of the initiation were: H. B. Johnston, president; J. H. Collins, vice-president; H. J. Orr, secretary and treasurer; S. D. Owen, messenger, and H. G. Hullfish, guide.

McKinley Gardner, retiring secretary, and DeWitt Pulcipher graduated in June. Gardner was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. Pulcipher was unable to attend graduation exercises, being at the officers' training school at Camp Zachary Taylor.

Johnston and Collins figured in a stirring campaign for the editorship of *The Daily Illini*, the latter winning election at the hands of the board of trustees, but he turned the quill over to Johnston in order that he might enlist in the navy. Both men were elected to Ma-Wan-Da, senior honorary society.

With three men entering the military and two graduating, only four active members, Johnston, Owen, Drysdale and Orr, will be in college next year. The chapter is in good financial condition for the struggle ahead, however, thanks to

a slight surplus from the annual Gridiron banquet.

A chapter of Pi Delta Epsilon was established at Illinois just before Commencement. All members of Sigma Delta Chi joined P. D. E., it having been agreed that the latter would regard itself as an inter-publication society while S. D. C. adhered to its policy of restricting membership to those intending to engage in journalism.

Missouri

Six new members of Sigma Delta Chi, initiated May 10, will constitute Missouri's chapter at the beginning of the next college year, every older member having entered national service in June.

W. M. Asquith, Muskogee, Okla., will be president; F. H. Scott, Belton, Mo., vice-president; W. T. Harney, Kansas City, Mo., secretary and treasurer; M. E. Votaw, Columbia, Mo., Quill correspondent; R. H. Brownlee, Brookfield, Mo., guide; and James McClain, Willow Springs, Mo., messenger.

The initiates are men of energy and excellent standing in Missouri journalism. Asquith is a senior in the school of journalism; Harney and Brownlee have corresponded for leading state papers; and Votaw will edit *The Daily Missourian* next year.

Chapter finances are in good condition, and at a Sunday luncheon preceding the close of college plans for next year's activities likely candidates for election were discussed.

Texas

Six men were initiated by Texas chapter, April 21: Gus F. Taylor, Jr., business manager of *The 1919 Cactus* and member-elect of the advisory board of *The Texan*; Jack Beall, editor-elect of *The Longhorn Magazine*; J. Turner Garner and F. Edward Walker, managing editor and editor-in-chief, respectively, of next year's *Texan*; Henry Bercowich, former editor of *The Magazine* and now city editor of *The Fort Worth Record*; and Otis Miller, sporting editor of *The Texan*. The initiates, clad in full dress, put out a special edition of *The Texan* as a final qualification.

The chapter figured unhappily in an ill-starred issue of *The Blunderbuss*, All Fools' Day annual. Silas Ragsdale, J. Edward Angly, Jr., and F. E. Walker were editors, a fact of which the faculty took note later. Ragsdale and Walker were among the editors and writers who were disciplined, but Angly was freed of blame. Julien Elfenbein was a victim of the same vigilant eyes when *The Cactus* appeared.

Members of the chapter were active in general campus affairs last year. Ragsdale, Walker and Taylor were members of Friar, senior honor society. Beall, Ragsdale, Garner, Elfenbein and Brown were members of Sigma Upsilon. Walker was a member of Alpha Kappa Psi, and manager of the glee club and track teams. Ragsdale was president of the graduating class and academic department, and Angly of the junior class. Miller was star forward on the basketball five.

Angly was elected editor of *The Texan* by a 3 to 1 vote, and will edit *The 1919 Cactus* as well, besides serving with Walker on *The Magazine* board. *The Texan* will be issued as an afternoon paper for the first time, next year, and both it and the monthly will be printed on the campus by students in the mechanical department of the school of journalism. It was this change in place of publication, made in the interests of economy, that caused *The Texan* to abandon the morning field. The Maga-

zine will be doubled in size under Beall's editorship, and a humorous section incorporated.

Ragsdale, Miller and Brown expect to enter military service, but six will be back in the fall. Ragsdale and Angly are now on the reportorial staff of *The Galveston News*, and Elfenbein is spending the summer with *The Dallas Dispatch*. Walker is with the National Bank of Commerce in New York City.

Officers for next year are: President, Elfenbein; vice-president, Angly; secretary-treasurer, Walker. Meetings will be held every two weeks, and to several the public will be admitted to hear discussions of journalistic subjects. Banquets with the faculty and alumni of Austin will be held occasionally.

Oregon

One vote elected six men to Oregon chapter in June, and that vote was cast by Secretary Robert McNary without being challenged by President James Sheehy, the only other active member to return to the campus and complete the 1917-18 college year. The men elected were Harry Crain, Douglas Mullarky, William Haseltine, Levant Pease, Alexander Brown and Leith Abbott.

Crain, a senior, edited *The Emerald*, issuing perhaps the best paper the university ever had, despite the war's inroads upon his staff. He may return to college next year, since he is exempt from military service because of physical disability, as are also Mullarky and Abbott. Mullarky was assistant news editor of *The Emerald*, and will be editor-in-chief next year. Abbott was a reporter and feature writer. Haseltine, new to journalism classes, made such an excellent record that he was immediately appointed news editor on the departure of Earl Murphy, who entered the naval service. He graduated in June. Pease will be a junior next year; Brown and Abbott, both experienced newspaper men, will be sophomores. Abbott is expected to be makeup editor under Mullarky, while Brown will probably handle sports.

The neophytes escaped the conventional task of issuing an extra, *The Emerald* having ceased publication for the year when the initiation was held; but they had to wear full dress to all classes, and deliver "canned" speeches between classes to gaping audiences in front of the library steps. They went their taskmasters one better, however, and invaded the downtown districts of both Eugene, the seat of the college, and Springfield, three miles away, delivering while still in evening dress their addresses of the morning. Owing to a shortage of active members, three faculty men, Dean Eric W. Allen and Prof. George Turnbull, of the school of journalism, and Karl W. Onthank, secretary to the president of the university, assisted in the initiation ceremonies.

Officers for next year are: President, Robert McNary; vice-president, Douglas Mullarky; secretary-treasurer, Levant Pease. Assuming that the return of McNary and Crain is certain, six will be on the active roll at the beginning of the new college year.

Indiana

Indiana chapter's officers for the coming year are: President, Ralph Winslow; vice-president, John Hastings; secretary, Herbert Spencer; treasurer, Dwight Peterson; corresponding secretary, Herbert Hope.

Lucius Pfeiffer dropped out of school, and has been out of touch with the chapter since. Basil Walters is in the ambulance unit raised at the University

of Indiana, and is either at Allentown, Pa., or overseas. Wilfred McFarland is in the navy and Fred E. Farr in the artillery. Other actives, in addition to the above named chapter officers, are William Kegley, Willard Plogsterth, Robert Rogers and Malcolm Johnson.

Winslow intends that under his administration the chapter will win back its early glories.

Iowa State

The revised chapter roll of Iowa State College chapter, prepared by D. F. Malin for The Quill, shows more than a third of the actives and alumni have gone into service—19 out of 53. Their names are given in the "Khaki" columns of this issue.

Louisiana

Louisiana chapter closed the year with eleven active members, but since that time three men, J. C. Rogers, J. W. Koonce and P. H. Dupuy, have gone into the military. President A. G. Reed, Jr., and C. R. Hummel graduated in June, leaving six as a nucleus for next year's chapter.

W. Frank Gladney, secretary, is now inactive, and his duties will be assumed by T. G. Lawrence, treasurer, until officers are elected again.

The chapter was active in the campus Red Cross campaign, riding a poster-covered water wagon in a parade, toting the signs about the campus, and issuing Red Cross News extras, containing the names of contributors.

A large picture of the chapter has been framed and hung in the office of The Reveille as an inspiration to cubs. Reed was editor and manager, and Lawrence assistant editor and manager last year.

The chapter staged two banquets during the year and initiated nine men, solicited patriotic funds, printed extras and participated in numerous other activities.

Knox

Knox chapter closed a successful year with sound prospects for 1918-19, despite the enlistment of several of the strongest men. Seven active members will return to college.

Allen A. Green, author of numerous children's stories, was initiated into the chapter as a *nunc pro tunc* member, April 25. He will be intimately associated with the chapter.

Milton Hult has charge of the advertising campaign of the college this summer.

Madison Sterne was elected editor-in-chief of The Knox Student for next year. He has worked on the staff two years, and is reporting on a Galesburg paper this summer by way of further preparation for his task.

Edmond Stofft was casting about for a summer job reporting when Commencement neared.

Willard Dean, secretary, who was on the Student and Gale staffs, last year, is with a New York publishing house this summer.

Officers for 1918-19 will be: President, Willard B. Dean; vice-president, Milton Hult; secretary, Edmond B. Stofft; treasurer, Madison G. Sterne.

Old Shoulders and New Burdens

(Continued from page 6)

duced by the social reconstruction, may be regarded as genuine; for the newspapers of England retain their influence and dignity only so long as they fulfill the mission outlined above. Their strength and their weakness is at once contained in their hereditary limitations.

The Print Paper Glutton

(Continued from page 8)

this great publisher. What of it? He is a good business man; and he knows how to produce profitably a newspaper that merits the name.

It is a good augury that to name the best newspapers in the country is to name profitable newspapers. Best, I mean, in the sense of a full acceptance of the obligations of the press, and with an eye to the new order of things. There are survivals of a drear past which are still profitable, but the dust shall wrap them 'round, and the worms devour them. More profit to The Chicago Daily News, The New York Times, The Kansas City Star and Times, The Philadelphia Public Ledger (a money maker whenever it chooses to be), The New York Evening Post, and their worthy kind. These have not yet had to resort to penny dreadfuls and job shop type.

The Home Edition of The Detroit News is conservative, sanely edited, well dressed, human and honest. To get to a concrete illustration of my proposal, I take the issue of Tuesday, July 9, as an example of staple editing and make-up, and an approximation of the proper limitation upon headline size. Except in the case of very modest feature heads, there were no big ones in the paper aside from the front page. Page one contained an eight-column, single-line headline in about 72 point Gothic type, with a two-column drop in good proportion to the streamer. No other story than the one this topped was given more than a light-faced, single-column, two-deck headline, except a war feature with a caps-and-lower-case italic headline of a single deck. The one was on a half-mile advance of American troops; the other on France's amazement at the number of arriving Yankees. Certainly no one save an ultra-conservative could question the propriety of the "play." But since we must all yield something, it might be conceded that if we were not enamored of big type, even the banner story might have been less conspicuously captioned.

But what I wished to arrive at was a notation of the consumption of space by headlines. In this issue of 24 pages, headlines occupied 184 inches. (The day was purposely picked as a normal day, with normal space for news, and pressure of news.) The preceding day's circulation was 219,786. Let's stretch it to 220,000 for ease of mathematics. Had the total issue for the day been as conservative as this edition, headlines still would have consumed twenty-nine million, four hundred and eighty thousand inches, column width, of white space. Reduced to miles in length and standard 72-inch rolls in width, this would amount to more than fourteen and a half miles (14.537, to be exact) of paper. That is to say, these very modest headlines would cost The News almost two and a half rolls of news print, and all to serve one purpose, the "selling of the story" to the man who bought the paper, by a process of duplication of information. Imagine the waste in the yellow press!

Glance through the paper you read. Is there need of economy?

Professor Ross Leaves Missouri

Prof. Charles G. Ross (Missouri honorary) will leave the faculty of the School of Journalism of the University

of Missouri at the end of the summer session to become Washington correspondent of The St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Professor Ross entered the Missouri faculty when the school was organized in 1908, and the university is much distressed at losing him. He is the author of one of the best texts yet written for students of journalism, "The Writing of News" (Henry Holt & Co., 1913), and of many magazine and newspaper articles, bulletins and addresses on his profession. He spent the academic year of 1916-17 in Australia, as a sub-editor of The Melbourne Herald.

Robert S. Mann, a graduate of the school of the class of 1914, and former student assistant in journalism, will succeed Prof. Ross. He worked on the Cincinnati Post two years after graduation, and then went to the Cleveland Press as chief of the copy desk and assistant editor, later becoming financial editor.

Grinnell College Granted Charter

THE GRINNELL PRESS CLUB at Grinnell College has been granted a charter by Sigma Delta Chi, and the new chapter will be installed early next fall. An important factor in winning the approval of the executive council and the various chapters was the very strong recommendation of The Iowa State College and University of Iowa chapters, both of which have had close association with the Grinnell petitioners through the Iowa Collegiate Press Association.

The members of The Grinnell Press Club were Dr. D. D. Griffith, professor of English and instructor in journalism; John W. Gannaway, professor of political science, author of "Comparative Free Government," and former chief editorial writer of the Milwaukee Journal; A. L. Frisbie, formerly city editor of The Des Moines Register and now editor of The Grinnell Herald; and the following students, all actively engaged in professional or non-professional journalism and pledged to the profession: Ben Ellsworth, '19; F. Willard Osincup, '19; Herbert W. Coddington, '19; Donald H. Clark, '18; Richard C. Budlong, '18; Homer O. Noel, '18; and Mason A. Egloff, '20.

The petition was among the best ever presented to the executive council, and bore the official endorsement of not only members of the fraternity acquainted with the members of the Press Club, but of the entire faculty of the college and distinguished members of the profession.

Grinnell College is the oldest college west of the Mississippi River, has 846 liberal arts students and a faculty that has earned distinction for the institution. It was the only college west of the Mississippi to be ranked in class one in the 1911 report of the United States Bureau of Education. Instruction in journalism is on a sound basis, and the four courses given are to be augmented as soon as a competent additional teacher can be obtained.

Grinnell's alumni in journalism are numerous and of high repute, perhaps the most noted being Albert Shaw, editor of The Review of Reviews; H. H. Windsor, publisher of Popular Mechanics and Cartoons; W. A. Williams, editor of The St. Paul Dispatch, and Gardner Cowles, owner of The Des Moines Register.

The club has elected additional members who will be initiated when the chapter is installed.

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